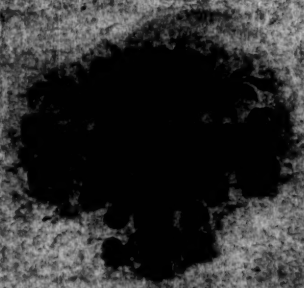
POEMS,

IN

TWO PARTS.

By *Mr.* POPE, *&c.*



LONDON:

Printed for E. CURLL, in the *Strand*.

(Price ...)

COURT POEMS.

IN

TWO PARTS.

By Mr. POPE, &c.

LONDON:

Printed for E. CURLL in the Strand. 1716.
(Price 1s.)

ADVERTISEMENT
By the Bookseller.

BEing possessed of the following excellent POEMS, All that I have to add, is, only a Word or two concerning their *Author*.

Upon Reading them over at St. *James's Coffee-House*, they were attributed by the General Voice, to be the Productions of a Lady of Quality.

When I produced them at *Button's*, the *Poetical Jury* there, brought in a different Verdict; and the *Foreman* strenuously insisted upon it, that Mr. *Gay* was the *Man*, and declared, that in Comparing the *Basset-Table*, with that Gentleman's *Pastorals*, he found the *Stile*, and *Turn of Thought*, to be evidently the same; which confirmed him, and his

Brethren, in the Sentence they had pronounced.

Not content with these Two Opinions, I was resolved to call in a Third; and accordingly chose a Gentleman of distinguished Merit, who lives not far from *Chelsea*, and sent him the Papers; which he returned me the next Day, with this Answer:

SIR, *Depend upon it, these Lines could come from no other Hand, than the* Laudable *Translator of* HOMER.

Thus having impartially given the Sentiments of the *Town*; I hope I may deserve Thanks for the Pains I have taken, in endeavouring to find out the *Author* of these Valuable Performances; and every Body is at Liberty to bestow the Laurel as they please.

London,
1717.

COURT

COURT-POEMS.

The BASSET-TABLE, an ECLOGUE.

CARDELLA.

THE *Basset-Table* spread, the *Tallier* come;
Why stays SMILINDA in the Dressing Room?
Rise, Pensive Nymph, the *Tallier* waits for you

SMILINDA.

Ah *Madam*, since my *SHARPER* is untrue,
I joyless make my once ador'd *Alpeu*.
I saw him stand behind OMBRELLA's Chair,
And whisper with that soft, deluding Air,
And those feign'd Sighs which cheat the list'ning *Fair*.

CARDELIA.

Is this the Cauſe of your Romantick Strains?
A mightier Grief my heavy Heart ſuſtains.
See here, a fit Companion of your Pain!
(Yet heavier is the Grief which I ſuſtain;)
As You by Love, ſo I by Fortune croſt;
In One bad deal, Three *Septleva*'s have loſt.

SMILINDA.

Is that the Grief, which you compare with mine?
With Eaſe, the Smiles of Fortune I reſign:
Would all my Gold in One bad deal were gone;
Were Lovely SHARPER Mine, and Mine alone.

CARDELIA.

A Lover loſt, is but a common Care;
And Prudent Nymphs againſt that Change prepare:
The *Knave of Clubs* thrice loſt: Oh! who could gueſs
This fatal Stroke, this unforeſeen Diſtreſs?

SMILINDA.

See BETTY LOVET! — Very *à propos*,
She all the Cares of *Love* and *Play* does know,
Deeply experienc'd many Years ago.

Dear BETTY shall th' Important Point decide;
BETTY, who oft the Pain of each has try'd;
Impartial She, shall say who suffers most,
By *Cards Ill Usage*, or by *Lovers Lost*.

Mrs. LOVET.

Tell, tell your Griefs; attentive will I stay,
Tho' Time is precious, and I want some *Tea*.

CARDELIA.

Behold this *Equipage*, of *Mathers* bought,
With *Fifty Guineas*; a great Pen'worth thought;
See on the *Tooth-pick*, *Mars* and *Cupid* strive;
And both the strugling Figures, seem alive.
Upon the Bottom, shines the *Queen's* Bright Face;
A Myrtle Foliage round the *Thimble-Case*.
Jove, *Jove* himself, does on the *Scissars* shine;
The Metal, and the Workmanship, Divine!

SMILINDA.

This *Snuff-Box*, once the Pledge of SHARPER's Love,
When Rival Beauties for the *Present* strove;
At *Corticelli's* He the Raffle won,
When first his Passion was in Publick shown:

HAZARDIA blush'd, and turn'd her Head aside,
A Rival's Envy, (all in vain) to hide.
This *Snuff-Box*, on the Hinge, see, *Brilliants* shine;
This *Snuff Box*, will I stake, the Prize is mine.

CARDELIA.

Alas! far lesser Losses than I bear,
Have made a *Soldier* sigh, a *Lover* swear,
And Oh! what makes the Disappointment hard,
'Twas my own Lord that drew the *fatal Card*.
In Complaisance, I took the *Queen* he gave:
Tho' my own Secret-Wish was for the *Knave*.
The *Knave* won *Sonica*, which I had chose;
And the next *Pull*, my *Septieva* I lose.

SMILINDA.

But ah! what aggravates the Killing Smart,
The Cruel Thought, that stabs me to the Heart;
This Curs'd OMBRELIA, this Undoing *Fair*
By whose vile Arts this heavy Grief I bear
She, at whose Name I shed these *fruitful Tears*,
She owes to me the very Charms She wears
An *awkard Thing*, when first She came to Town;
Her *Shape* unfashion'd, and her *Face* unknown:
She was my Friend, I taught her first to spread
Upon her *Sallow Cheeks* th' Enlivning Red;

I introduc'd her to the *Park* and *Plays*;
And by my Int'reſt, *Cozens* made Her *Stays*.
Ungrateful Wretch, with Mimick Airs grown pert,
She dares to ſteal my *Fav'rite Lover's* Heart.

CARDELIA.

Wretch that I was, how often have I ſwore,
When WIN-ALL *tally'd*, I wou'd *Punt* no more?
I know the *Bite*, yet to my *Ruin* run;
And ſee the *Folly*, which I cannot *ſhun*.

SMITINDA.

How many Maids have SHARPER's *Vows* deceiv'd?
How many curs'd the Moment they believ'd?
Yet his *known Falſhoods* could no Warning prove:
Ah! what is Warning to a *Maid in Love*?

CARDELIA.

But of what Marble muſt that Breaſt be form'd,
To gaze on *Baſſet*, and remain unwarm'd?
When *Kings*, *Queens*, *Knaves*, are ſet in decent Rank,
Expos'd in Glorious Heaps the *Tempting Bank*,
Guineas, *Half-Guineas*, all the Shining Train;
The *Winner's* Pleaſure, and the *Loſer's* Pain.

In bright Confuſion open *Rouleaus* lye,
They ſtrike the Soul, and glitter in the Eye.
Fir'd by the Sight, all Reaſon I diſdain;
My Paſſions riſe, and will not bear the Rein.
Look upon *Baſſet*, You who Reaſon boaſt;
And ſee if Reaſon may not *There* be loſt.

SMILINDA.

What *more* than Marble muſt that Heart compoſe
Can hearken *coldly* to my SHARPER's *Vows*?
Then, when he trembles! when his Bluſhes riſe!
When Awful Love ſeems melting in his Eyes!
With eager Beats his *Mechlin* Cravat moves:
He Loves, —— I whiſper to my ſelf, *He Loves*.
Such unfeign'd Paſſion in his Looks appears,
I loſe all Mem'ry of my former Fears;
My panting Heart confeſſes all his Charms,
I yield at once, and ſink into his Arms:
Think of that Moment, You who Prudence boaſt;
For ſuch a Moment, Prudence *well* were loſt.

CARDELIA.

At the *Groom-Porter's*, batter'd Bullies play;
Some DUKES at *Mary-Bone* bowl Time away.
But who the *Bowl*, or rattling *Dice* compares,
To *Baſſet's* Heavenly Joys, and pleaſing Cares?

SMILINDA.

Soft SIMPLICETTA doats upon a *Beau*:
PRUDINA likes a *Mow*, and laughs at *Show*,
Their several *Graces* in my SHARPER meet;
Strong as the *Footman*, as the *Master* Sweet.

Mrs. LOVET.

Ceaſe your Contention, which has been tóo long;
I grow Impatient, and the *Tea*'s too ſtrong.
Attend, and yield to what I now decide;
The *Equipage* ſhall grace SMILINDA's Side;
The *Snuff-Box* to CARDELIA, I Decree,
Now leave Complaining, and begin your *Tea*.

ROXANA,

OR THE

DRAWING-ROOM.

ROXANA from the Court returning late,
Sigh'd her soft Sorrow at St. JAMES's Gate:
Such heavy Thoughts lay brooding in her Breast;
Not her own *Chairmen* with more Weight oppress't:
They curse the cruel Weight they're doom'd to bear;
She in more gentle Sounds express'd her Care.

Was it for this, that I these Roses wear?
For this, new set the Jewels for my Hair?
Ah PRINCESS? with what Zeal have I pursu'd?
Almost forgot the Duty of a *Prude*
This KING, I never could attend too soon;
I miss'd my Pray'rs, to get me dress'd by Noon.
For Thee, Ah! what for Thee did I resign;
My Passions, Pleasures, all that e'er was mine?

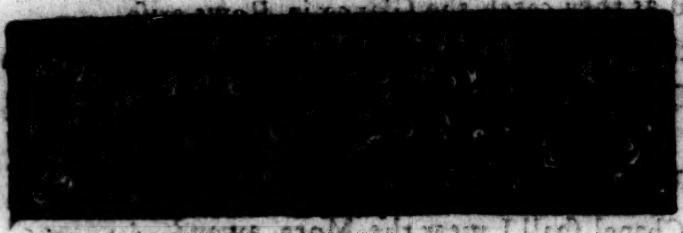
I've

I've sacrific'd both Modesty, and Ease;
Left *Operas*, and went to filthy *Plays*.
Double *Entendres* shock'd my Tender Ear;
Yet even this, for Thee, I chuse to bear.
In glowing Youth, when Nature bids be Gay,
And ev'ry Joy of Life before me lay;
By Honour prompted, and by Pride restrain'd,
The Pleasures of the Young my Soul disdain'd.
Sermons I sought, and with a Mien severe,
Censur'd my Neighbours, and said Daily Pray'r.
Alas, how chang'd! With this same Sermon-Mien,
The filthy *What d'ye Call it's* I have seen.
Ah Royal PRINCESS! for Your Sake I lost
The Reputation which I [illegible] cost;
I, who avoid[illegible]
When Bloom and [illegible] my Face
Now near Thee, con[illegible] abide,
With never failing [illegible]
My Self and Daughters [illegible] Row,
To all the *Foreigners* a Goodly Show.
Oft had your *Drawing-Room* been sadly thin,
And *Merchants Wives* close by your Side had been;
Had I not amply fill'd the Empty Place,
And sav'd Your HIGHNESS from the Dire Disgrace,
Yet COCKATILLA's Artifice prevails,
When all my Duty and my Merit fails:
That COCKATILLA, whose deluding Airs
Corrupts our Virgins, and our Youth insnares;
So sunk her Character, and lost her Fame,
Scarce Visited, before Your HIGHNESS came;

Yet

Yet for the *Bed-Chamber* 'tis She You chuſe,
Whilſt Zeal, and Fame, and Virtue You refuſe.
Ah worthy Choice! Not One of all your Train
Which Cenſures blaſt not, or Diſhonours ſtain,
I know the *Court*, with all its Treach'rous Wiles,
The *Falſe Careſſes*, and *Undoing Smiles*.
Ah PRINCESS! learn'd in all the Courtly Arts,
To *Cheat* our Hopes, and yet to *Gain* our Hearts.

THE



THE TOILET.

NOW Twenty Springs has cloath'd the Park with (Green,
Since *LYDIA* knew the Bloſſoms of Fifteen:
No Lovers now, her Morning Hours moleſt,
And catch her at her Toilet half undreſt.
The thund'ring Knocker wakes the Street no more;
Nor Chairs, nor Coaches crowd the Silent Door.
Now at the Window all the Mornings paſs,
Or at the dumb Devotion of the Glaſs;
Reclin'd upon her Arm ſhe penſive ſat,
And curſt th'Inconſtancy of Man too late.

Oh Youth! Oh Spring of Life for ever loſt!
No more my Name ſhall ring the fav'rite Toaſt;
On Glaſs no more ſhall Diamonds grave my Name,
And Rhimes miſpelt record my Lover's Flame.

Nor

Nor ſhall Side-Boxes watch my wand'ring Eyes,
And as they catch the Glance in Beaus eyes,
With [redacted]
In C[redacted]

[redacted]

At Chapel ſhall I wear the Morn away?
Who there appears at thoſe unmodiſh Hours,
But Ancient Matrons with their Frizled Tow'rs,
And Grey Religious Maids? My Preſence there,
Amidſt that Sober Train, would cauſe Deſpair.
Nor am I yet ſo old, nor is my Glance
As yet fix'd wholly to Devotion's Trance.

Strait then I'll dreſs, and take my wonted Range,
To *India* Shops, *Mottenx*'s, or the *Change*;
Where the Tall Jar erects his Coſtly Pride,
With Antick Shapes, in *China*'s Azure dy'd:
There, careleſs lies the Rich *Bevaade*, unrollid;
Here, ſhines a Cabinet of Burniſh'd Gold:
But then, alas! I muſt be forc'd to Pay,
Or bring no Penny-worths, or Run away.

How am I curs'd, unhappy, and forlorn;
My Lover's Triumph, and my Sex's Scorn?
Falſe is the Pompous Grief of Youthful Heirs:
Falſe are the looſe *Coquet*'s Inveig'ling Airs:
Falſe is the Crafty Courtier's Plighted Word;
Falſe are the Dice, when Gameſters ſtamp the Board:

Falſe

False is the Sprightly Widow's Publick Tear;
Yet these, to DAMON's Oaths, are all Sincere.
For what Young Fire, Dull Men, am I abus'd?
To please your Wife, am I unkindly us'd?
'Tis true, her Face may boast the Peach's Bloom;
But does her nearer whisp'ring Breath perfume?
I own, her Taper-Shape is made to please;
Yet when you see her unconfin'd by Stays,
She doubly to Fifteen may claim Pretence;
Alike we read it in her Wit and Sense.
Insipid, Servile Thing, that I disdain,
Whose Phlegm can best support the Marriage-Chain.
DAMON is practis'd in the Modish Life,
Can hate, and yet be civil to his Wife.
He Games, he Swears, he Drinks, he Fights, he Roves,
Yet CLOE [illegible]
Mistress and [illegible]
A Miss for Pleasure, [illegible] for Breed.
Tower'd with Dia[illegible] Thought or Care,
She can a sullen Husband [illegible] bear.
Her cred'lous Friendship [illegible] Stupid Ease,
Has often been my Jest in happier Days.
Now CLOE Boasts and Triumphs in my Pains;
To Her he's Faithful, 'tis to Me he Feigns.
Am I that senseless Thing to bear Neglect,
And force a Smile not daring to suspect.
No, —— Perjur'd Man! A Wife may be Content;
But you shall find a Mistress can Resent.

Thus

Thus Love-sick *LYDIA* rav'd; her Maid appears;
With steddy Hand the Band-Box-Charge She bears.
How well those Ribbands Gloss becomes your Face,
She cries in Raptures, —— Then so sweet a Grace;
How charmingly you look, so strait, so Fair,
'Tis to your Eyes your Head-Dress owes its Air.
Strait LYDIA smil'd, the Comb adjusts her Locks
And at the *Play-House*, *HARRY* keeps the Box.

THE

The LOOKING-GLASS.

WITH Scornful Mien, and various toss of Air
Fantastick, vain, and insolently Fair.
randeur intoxicates her giddy Brain,
e looks Ambition, and she moves Disdain.
ar other carriage, grac'd her Virgin Life,
ut charming G—y's loft, in P—y's Wife.
ot greater arrogance in Him we find,
nd this Conjunction swells at least her mind:
could the Sire, renown'd in Glass, produce
ne faithful Mirrour for his Daughters Use,
herein she might her haughty Errours Trace,
nd by Reflexion learn to mend her Face.
he wonted sweetness to her Form restore
e what She was, and charm Mankind once more.

TO

To *Mr.* LINTOT.

Written, (as he says) by Mr. *Pope.*

SOME *COLINÆUS* praise, some *Bleau*,
Others account them but so, so;
Some *Stephens* to the rest prefer,
And some esteem old *ELZIVER*:
Others with *ALDUS* would besot us;
I, for my part, admire *Lintottus*.
Those printed, unknown Tongues, 'tis said,
Which some can't construe, most can't read,
What *Lintot* offers to your Hand,
Even *JOHNNY GAY* may understand:
They print their Names in Letters Small,
But *LINTOT* stands in Capital;
Author and *He* with equal Grace
Appear, and stare you in the Face.
Oft in an *ALDUS* or a *PLANTIN*
A Page is blotted, or Leaf wanting;

f *Lintot*'s Books this can't be said,
ll fair, and not so much as Read,

Mr. *Pope* writ these Dogrels before he had undertaken to Translate *Homer* and Mr. *Lintot* took the compliment so kindly, that he was resolved upon any terms, to be Mr. *Pope*'s Bookseller.

A Verſion of the Firſt PSALM. For the Uſe of a Young Lady.

I.

THE Maid is Bleſt that will not hear
Of Maſquerading Tricks,
Nor lends to wanton Songs an Ear
Nor ſighs for Coach and Six.

II.

To Pleaſe her ſhall her Husband ſtrive,
With all his Might and Main,
And in her Love ſhall ſtill delight
Himſelf both Day and Night.

III.

She ſhall bring forth moſt Pleaſant Fruit,
He Flouriſh ſtill, and Stand,
Even ſo all *Things* ſhall proſper well,
That this Maid takes in *Hand*.

IV.

No wicked Whores shall have such Luck
Who follow their own Wills,
But Purg'd shall be to Skin and Bone,
With *Mercury* and *Pills*.

V.

For why, The Pure and Cleanly Maids,
Shall All, good Husbands gain;
But Filthy and Uncleanly Jades
Shall Rot in *Drury-Lane*.

To the Ingenious Mr. *MOORE* Author of the Celebrated WORM POWDER.

HOW much, Egregious *MOORE*, are We
Deceiv'd by Shows, and Forms?
Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,
All Human Race are *WORMS*.

Man, is a very *WORM* by Birth,
Proud *Reptile*, † vile and vain,
A while he crawls upon the Earth,
Then ſhrinks to Earth again.

---

† *Mr.* Pope *took this Hint from* Homer.

O Son of *Tydeus*, ceaſe! be wiſe and ſee
How vaſt the Diff'rence of the Gods and Thee;
Diſtance immenſe; between the Pow'rs that ſhine
Above, Eternal, Deathleſs, and Divine,
And mortal Man! a Wretch of humble Birth,
A ſhort-liv'd *Reptile* in the Duſt of Earth.

See Apollo's *Speech to* Diomede, *Book.* 1

hat *Woman*, is a *WORM*, we find,
E'er since our Grannum's Evil;
e first convers'd with her own kind,
That Ancient *WORM*, the *Devil:*

t whether *Man*, or *He*, God knows,
Fœcundified her Belly,
ith that pure Stuff from whence we rose,
The Genial *Vermicelli.*

e *Learn'd* themselves, we *BOOK-WORMS* name
The *Block-head*, is a *SLOW-WORM*;
e *Nymph*, whose Tail is all on Flame:
Is aptly term'd a *GLOW-WORM.*

e *Fops* are painted Butter-Flies,
That flutter for a Day;
st from a *WORM* they took their Rise,
Then in a *WORM* decay.

e *Flatterer* an Ear-wig grows,
Some WORMS [illegible]
sers are *MUCK-WORMS*, *SILK-WORMS*, *Beaus*,
And *DEATH-WATCHES*, *Physicians.*

at *Statesmen* have a *WORM* is seen,
By all their winding Play:
eir Conscience is a *WORM* within,
That gnaws them Night and Day.

Ah!

Ah! *MOORE!* Thy Skill were well Employ'd,
And greater Gain would riſe,
If thou could'ſt make the Courtier void
The *WORM* that never Dies.

O Learned Friend of *Ab-Church-Lane*,
Who ſett'ſt our Entrails Free,
Vain is thy Art, thy Powder Vain,
Since *WORMS* ſhall Eat ev'n Thee.

Thou only canſt our Fate Adjourn,
Some few ſhort Years, no more:
Ev'n *BUTTON's* Wits to *WORMS* ſhall turn,
Who *Maggots* were before.

COURT POEMS.

PART II.

THE RAMBLE.*

Between BELINDA *a* Demy-Prude, *and* CLOE *a* Court-Coquette.

CLOE.

TELL me BELINDA, why your constant care
Attends the Needle, or the Book of Pray'r.
What *Belle* can in a duller Circle move,
Or dearer purchase a proud Mortal's Love?

* This POEM was compos'd to please some Satyrical *Court-Ladies*. The *Story* is too well known among the *Beau Monde* to want a Key. The best Lines in it are taken from FONTAINE, and a fam'd Female *Wit*, (the Lady *W—y M—gue*,) assisted in the Translation.

BELINDA.

Had ſuch a Mortal, CLOE, been your Lot,
The *Belle* e'er this had all her Airs forgot.
Had Sacrific'd her Pride to ſuch a flame,
And loſt the *Coquette* in a Careful Dame,

CLOE.

My Air's forgot!—— and for a Nauſeous Spouſe,
Who'd doom me Priſoner to his hideous Houſe.
No, let theſe Eyes ſtill dart deſtructive Fire,
And in that flame let Sighing *Beaus* expire.
While you ſtitch Holland for your Spouſe's Cap,
Or Nurſe the Monſter, when he gets a Clap.

BELINDA.

Nay, now my CLOE, you are too Severe,
To point your *Satire* at my eaſie Dear.
Since, Faithleſs Nymph, you taught him firſt to rove,
Witneſs *Hide-Park*, and its too Conſcious Grove!
Wilely you led him to a thick Receſs;
The Cracking *Whale-Hoops* did the Reſt confeſs.
Oh fatal *Ramble*! Now I find too late,
For whom, falſe CLOE, you prepar'd the Bait.

CLOE.

Did I for this my Garter'd *B*—— diſdain,
Th' Alluring Deſſert, and the bright Champaign?

When

When he, ſtill aiming at his former Station,
Gave to *Favillia* a Grand Collation.
Braun's was the Houſe. —— Where many a Fav'rite Toaſt,
Has found a Lover, and her Honour loſt.
Beware, ye *Belles*, of *Braun*'s luxurious Skill!
Of *B*—— beware; *B*——'s pointed Eyes can kill.

BELINDA.

And ſhall then *Tunbel B*——*s* late Honours bear?
Tunbel, a Brute to each obliging Fair!
Yet *Tunbel*'s poliſh'd for a Courtiers life
Oh the vaſt Merit of a Beauteous Wife!
What can't ſhe do, who could Old *Surly* fire,
And Am'rous flames in *Flinty*'s Breaſt inſpire?
When theſe faint Lilies are *Marinus*' Scorn,
My *Vice*'s Key ſhall *Smutty*'s ſide adorn.
We firſt beheld *Blightilla*'s Roſes fade,
E'er ſhe was doom'd to live a Bridal Maid.

CLOE.

Nature's Nice ſtore, and *Braun*'s luxurious Art,
Conſpir'd in vain to Captivate my Heart.
["In vain *Cupid*'s Bow bent with a Blue ſtring,
"Shot many a Dart from a Brilliant-Ring.]
(As DORSET the Bard did once Merrily Sing.)
In vain the Wine had kindled fond deſire.
He Sigh'd, he Kneel'd, he Beg'd me to retire.
I whiſper'd Reputation, and what not.
In ſhort I jilted the vain Am'rous Sot,

To walk to *Paddington*. — Your Spouſe, 'tis true
I ask'd to *Ramble*,—— but you tipt the *Cue*.
Oh think, BELINDA, how with Raptures fir'd,
You prais'd the Lawns, the warbling Birds admir'd!
Think, how you ſhudder'd at the threat'ning Sky!
Juſt, Juſt as *Lovely* in his Coach paſt by.
His Coach he preſt on your Unthinking Dear:
" And may I (ſaid he) preſume to ask the Fair,
" To breath in the Park, a much Serener Air?
Now you aſſume the *Belle*, and now the *Prude*,
To fire your Lover, and your Spouſe delude.
The Park you hate,——yet to the Lodge we drive;
Where we found WITTY with ſam'd ATTY's Wife.
The Flow'rs, Birds, Breezes, and the ſhady Grove,
The Coldeſt Veſtal might inſpire with Love.
The Grove, the Breezes, and the warbling Train,
Can't now invite you to attend their Strain.
Lovely, and *You* prudentially withdrew,
'Tis for a Spouſe to tempt the falling Dew!
Your *Dupe* return'd.—The printed Couch told Tales,
But why ſhould we?—Since Nature ſtill prevails.

THE

THE PARSON's DAUGHTER.

A TALE.

For the Uſe of pretty GIRLS with ſmall FORTUNES.

——facilis diſcenſus Averni
Sed revocare Gradus——
Hoc Opus hic Labor eſt. Virg.

CLOE, a Country Vicar's Daughter,
Had many uſeful Leſſons taught her;
She read the Chapters ev'ry Day,
And *David's* Pſalms by Heart could ſay;

Would hurry when Bell rung to Pray'rs,
Ready to break her Neck down Stairs;
Nor would be abſent from *Confeſſion*,
At any Mortal's Interceſſion:
Was caution'd never to be idle,
But either read or uſe her Needle.
(Thus was ſhe often told her Duty,
The old Man knowing her a Beauty
With little Money, which the more
Expos'd her to become a Whore.)
No Pains were ſpar'd to make her good:
But, ah! how frail is Fleſh and Blood,
When to the wide World left alone,
No Will to follow, but its own?
For tho' ſhe promis'd very fair,
While underneath her Father's Care,
Yet ſhe, as ſoon as *Dad* was dead,
Grew weary of her *Maidenhead*;
Reſolving ſtrait to be a Bride,
And taſte of Pleaſures yet untry'd;
But ſtill intends to guard her Honour,
Whatever Longings are upon her;
Having been taught, that Fornication
Is a great Sin, tho' much in Faſhion.
With this Deſign, to Town ſhe came,
Where wicked *Nelly* heard her Fame;
Nelly! of all her Sex the worſt;
Nelly! by Hundreds daily curſt,
Whom ſhe by Artifice had won,
To ſell themſelves, and be undone.

(But

(But e'er we any farther go,
'Tis fit her Character to ſhow.)

A Bawd ſhe is of great Renown,
Well known to ev'ry Rake in Town;
All Bachelours that uſe her Houſe,
May have each Night a diff'rent Spouſe.
Without th'intolerable Fetter,
Of being link'd for Worſe or Better.
No married Man, but there may find
Variety, when ſo inclin'd.

She has a ruby ſhining Face,
Which ſome may think th' Effect of Grace;
As *Moſes* when the moſt enlighten'd.
So much the more his Viſage brighten'd;
For ſhe can counterfeit Devotion,
And of Religion has this Notion,
That doubtleſs That muſt be the beſt,
Which with moſt Eaſe will make her bleſt;
That where Indulgences are giv'n,
Is ſure the neareſt Way to Heaven.

Oh! happy thoſe, who in a Trice,
Thus free themſelves of ev'ry Vice;
Can ſin a freſh, and run on Score,
And reckon for what's paſt no more.
With *Origen* ſhe hopes Salvation,
Believing there is no Damnation;

But Whores, and Rogues, and Bawds ſhall be
Bleſſed to all Eternity.
Small Need of any Pains and Care,
Of Watching, Faſting, daily Pray'r,
If ev'ry Sinner, ſpite of Fate,
Muſt enter at the narrow Gate.

And tho' becauſe her Deeds are evil,
She chuſes Darkneſs like a Devil,
Yet will ſhe light her little * *Sodom*,
On † Tenth of *June*, from Top to Bottom;
Wiſhing to ſee the Diſſolution
Of all our Laws and Conſtitution;
For if this Government ſhould ceaſe,
She might be ſure to Bawd in Peace;
Knowing there would be || Toleration
For Whoreing in a Popiſh Nation.

She loves *Sacheverell* in her Heart,
And never fails to take his Part;
Blindly believes whate'er he ſaid,
More than the *Teſtament* or *Creed*;
Thinks him the Church's beſt Support,
Tho' *Prieſt* and *Punk* care equal for't.

She could prove Pimping was no Shame,
For *S——b* pimp'd for *A——m*;

---

* *Like to* Sodom *for its Wickedneſs.*
† Pretender's *Birth-day.*
|| The reaſon why Women are for the *Pretender.*

That

That Inceſt is a trivial Matter,
Since pious *L——t* careſs'd his Daughter;
That Whoreing is a lawful Trade,
Since ev'ry Thing for Uſe is made;
And that it can be no Abuſe,
To put Things to their proper Uſe.

With *Cloe* ſoon ſhe got acquainted,
And all her former Virtues tainted;
Taking Advantage of her Want,
She often to her thus would cant;
What, tho' all ſuch as cannot Tarry
Rather than Burn, are bid to Marry,
Yet if none taſted Love's Delight,
But thoſe who lawfully come by't,
Many a Girl might burn to Tinder,
Before ſhe'd meet a Man would mind her,
If ſhe'd be nothing but a Wife,
To have, and hold, during her Life.
It ſeems but Reaſon good, therefore,
Rather than Burn, to play the Whore:
This Talent to our Sex, kind Heav'n,
To be made Uſe of, ſure has giv'n.
Ought not thoſe Ladies then to boaſt,
That have improved it the moſt;
Not like a Nun ſhut up in Abby,
Their Talents in a Napkin lay by;
For doubtleſs, to conceal one's Light
Under a Buſhel, is not right.

Then,

Then, as St. *Paul* ſays, (mind the Letter)
Thoſe who don't marry, *do what's better*;
Which plainly muſt ſome *Act* imply,
I ſee no Reaſon to deny.
The Action you will gueſs with Eaſe,
'Tis in your Pow'r whene'er you pleaſe.

Then prithee, *Cloe*, be adviſ'd;
Good Offers ſhould not be deſpis'd;
A preſent Settlement accept,
And where's the Harm of being kept?
That *Norwich* Crape and humble Pattin,
You'll change for Coach and Gown of Sattin,
Flounc'd Petticoats, with Heads of *Mechlin*,
Fine Fans, a Watch, and other Tackling.
Ah! why ſhould ſo divine a Creature
Neglect the choiceſt Gift of Nature?

Too eaſy *Cloe* quickly proves
Perſwaded to the Thing ſhe loves;
Thought all was Reaſon *Nelly* ſaid,
And Folly ſtill to live a Maid;
When ſhe might purchaſe Wealth and Pleaſure
By parting with an uſeleſs Treaſure;
She ſoon forgets to ſay her Pray'rs,
And learns to practiſe Coquet Airs;
Hates Sermons, which in former Days
She lov'd as Prudes do bawdy Plays;
Left off the Reading heavy Chapters,
And only reliſh'd melting Raptures,

Such as ſhe met with in Romances,
Where dying Lovers fall in Trances:
And now upon her Toilet's ſeen
A *Rochester*, and *Aretine*;
The Work of *Ovid*'s Am'rous Pen
She reads, admires, and reads again,
Thinking it would more uſeful prove,
To ſtudy his ſoft *Art of Love*,
Then what dull Patriarchs us'd to do
Three or four thouſand Years ago.

The gilded Proſpect gay appears,
And ſeems to promiſe happy Years;
A thouſand Pleaſures fill her Mind,
Nor ſees ſhe Want and Shame behind;
Conſiders not with how much Haſte
Her Youth and blooming Beauty waſte;
That when the Date of Charms are out,
The Wheel of Fortune turns about,
And thoſe who were at firſt but poor,
Leaves often lower than before;
Which ſhe at laſt experienc'd true,
(Her happy Days, Alas! were few)
Grown pale and thin, with hollow Eyes,
No more her faded Charms entice;
She in her Summer took no Care
For Age and Wrinkles to prepare;

Therefore when dropt by keeping Cullies,
Became a Prey to needy Bullies;
And now in Allies Centry ſtands,
To get her living with her *Hands*;
She lays on Paint as thick as butter,
To hide in either Cheek a Gutter,
Which pinching Poverty and Care,
Poxes and Time, have fixed there.

She that when young would bluſh to hear
A Word unfit for Maiden Ear,
Will now talk Bawdy with the beſt,
And fancy ev'ry Oath a Jeſt;
She that was once as juſt as any,
Now picks a Pocket for a Penny;
And then, to ſilence ſharp Remorſe
For what is paſt, or fear of worſe,
She finds a Way that's moſt effectual,
And drowns her Senſes intellectual.

MORAL.

FRom hence let Females learn to ſhun
Thoſe Wiles which *Cloe* have undone;
Not to be fool'd by promis'd Bliſs,
Of fancy'd Joys, and Happineſs.
Sin is but ſlightly varniſh'd o'er;
Rather be virtuous, tho' poor;

For such a Wonder's rarely Known,
As a lewd Woman Honest grown.

So when a River's rapid Course
O'erflows its Banks with mighty Force,
Then all Endeavours are in vain,
To turn it to its Bounds again.

THE COURT BALLAD.

To the Tune of, *To all you Ladies now at Land*, &c.

By Mr. POPE.

I.

TO one fair Lady out of Court,
And two fair Ladies in,
Who think the *Turk* * and *Pope* † a Sport,
And Wit and Love no Sin;
Come, these soft Lines, with nothing stiff in,
To B——ll——ne, Le P——lle, and G——ff——n.
With a fa, la, la.

II What

* *The little* Turk. † *The Author.*

II.

What passes in the dark third Row,
And what behind the Scene,
Couches and crippled Chairs I know,
And Garrets hung with Green;
I know the Swing of sinful Hack,
Where many Damsels cry Alack.
With a fa, la, la.

III.

Then why so Court shou'd I repair,
Where's such ado with *T*——*d*,
To hear each Mortal stamp and swear,
And ev'ry Speech with *Zouns* end;
To hear 'em rail at honest *S*——*d*,
And rashly blame the Realm of *Blunderland*.*
With a fa, la, la.

IV.

Alas! like *S*——*z*, I cannot Pun,
Like *C*——*t*——*n* court the *Germans*;
Tell *P*——*k*——*s*——*g* how slim she's grown,
Like *M*——*d*——*ws* run to Sermons;
To Court ambitious Men may roam,
But I and *Marlbro'* stay at Home.
With a fa, la, la.

* *Ireland.*

V.

In Truth, by what I can diſcern,
Of Courtiers 'twixt you Three,
Some Wit you have, and more may learn
From Court, than *Gay* or Me:
Perhaps in Time you'll leave high Diet,
To ſup with us on Milk and Quiet.
With a fa, la, la.

VI.

At *Leiceſter-Fields*, a Houſe full high,
With Door all painted Green,
Where Ribbons wave upon the Tye,
(A *Milliner* I mean;)
There may you meet us Three to Three,
For *Gay* can well make Two of me.
With a fa, la, la.

VII.

But ſhou'd you catch the Prudiſh Itch,
And each become a Coward,
Bring ſometimes with you Lady *R*——*b*,
And ſometimes Miſtreſs *H*——*d*;
For Virgins to keep Chaſte, muſt go
Abroad with ſuch as are not ſo.
With a fa, la, la.

VIII. And

VIII.

And thus, fair Maids, my Ballad ends;
God send the King safe Landing,
And make all honest Ladies Friends
To Armies that are standing;
Preserve the Limits of these Nations,
And take off Ladies Limitations.

With a fa, la, la.

EPIGRAMS,

Occasion'd by an

INVITATION TO COURT.

By the SAME.

I.

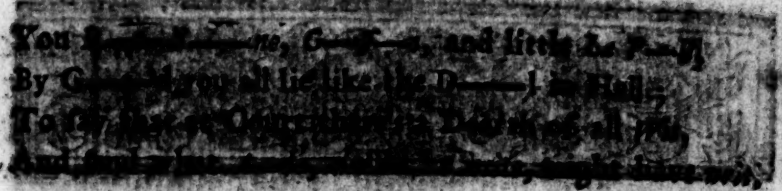
IN the *Lines* that you sent, are the *Muses* and *Graces*;
You have the *Nine* in your *Wit*, and *Three* in your *Faces*.

II.

They may talk of the *Goddesses* in *Ida* Vales,
But *you* show your *Wit*, whereas *they* show'd their *Tails*.

III. You

III.



IV.

Adam had fallen twice, if for an Apple.
The Devil had brought him *B——ke* and *La B——d*.

V.

On Sunday at Six, in the Street that's call'd *Gerrard*,
You may meet the *Two Champions* who are no Lord *S——d*.

VI.

They say *A*————'s a Wit, for what?
For Writing? ——— no, for writing Not.

THE *Westminster* BALLAD,

Or, The Earl of *Oxford's* TRYAL.

To the Tune of King John *and the* Abbot *of* Canterbury.

By Mr. JOSEPH GAY.

I.

OF late was a Meeting, a meeting most merry,
We will Sing to the Tune of heigh down, a [down, derry;
A merrier Meeting was never yet known,
So as well as we can, we'll begin and go on;
Derry down, down, high derry down.

II.

A Crowd of all Sorts which in fair *London* dwell,
From RAILY the flutter to the prudent nice *Belle*:
From Ruffins to Peers, and from Scoundrells to Squires,
Met in *Westminster-Hall* to fulfil their desires;
Derry down, down, heigh derry down.

III.

Such Thrusting and Crowding you never did see,
Where Legs were discover'd at least to the Knee;
Now the Owners as well may be known by those Graces,
As they formerly were by the Paint on their Faces;
Derry down, down, heigh derry down.

IV.

To pass in no Method so well cou'd be found,
As to toss up a Damsel two Yards from the Ground,
So Coiting her in, she prov'd one of the Common,
And the Speaker's own Chair was supply'd by a Woman,
Derry down, down, heigh derry down.

V.

Promiscuously Cram'd; thus we past the whole Day,
Still Gaping for Show 'till the Sun wore away,
But not altogether some gaped in vain:
For it seems on the Peers's side there fell Rain;
Derry down, down, heigh derry down.

VI. 'Twas

VI.

'Twas pitty Mischance should befal to a Member
Of most Use in the House, as we'll must remember,
A Vessel * most pure which in Secret was hid,
WYNDHAM moving the Table it broke that it did;
Derry down, down, heigh derry down.

VII.

But some Execution was needful to tame
The pursuits of the Commons, full Cry for their Game,
Yet 'twas not a *Peer*, it is plain, was to fall,
For it had not it's *Peer*, I'll be Judg'd by you all;
Derry down, down, heigh derry down.

VIII.

The Game which was Hunted, knew all the Device,
At Cards he can Play, all the Games as at Dice,
Tho' a Cord were about his Neck he'd slip the Knot,
When we thought it fast ty'd he got thro' it Godwot.
Derry down, down, heigh derry down.

IX.

For Miracles sure will here ne'er begin ceasing,
And in this our Nation have dont with Increasing,
When *LORDS* in a Body Confess by Consent,
Tho' against all their Minds, they're the Cuckolds Content.
Derry down, down, heigh derry down.

X. But

* A Chamber Pot.

X.

But if in their Bosoms we had Speculation
We soon shou'd discover the State of the Nation;
At least, if a marry'd Man, 'twas but a brave,
For all such are *contented* alone in the Grave;
Derry down, down, beigh derry down.

XI.

But now to describe you the thing which seem'd oddest;
Bold *CHARLES*, with a Countenance sober and modest,
To make room for the Members propos'd to shift
For the *LADIES* to open to the Right and the Left;
Derry down, down, beigh derry down.

XII.

And for their intruding another as Wife,
To prevent all Mistakes, did with Prudence advise,
Each *Damsel* shou'd straightways be laid on the Table
And perus'd by the *Members* both Willing and Able;
Derry down, down, beigh derry down.

XIII.

Some scrupl'd, at first, but on second thoughts found,
Both the *Common* and *Peer* in their Judgment profound,
And since *HO——LT* was absent upon Discontent,
Bishop *CHARLES* shou'd supply his Place by full consent;
Derry down, down, beigh derry down.

XIV. But

---

*Ch——ll.

XIV.

But *MAGDALEN* mov'd to keep Privilege right,
Each Damsel her Member particular might
Elect, at her Choice, then cry'd with all my heart,
On these Terms we'll each one our *Own Secret* impart:
Derry down, down, heigh derry down.

XV.

What *Votes* and what Business is likely to pass,
When the *Lyon's* own Skin is drawn over the *Ass*:
When Contention is held up by politick CARE:
And we Spell our *She* Speaker's Name by the word Vary:
Derry down down, heigh derry down.

XVI.

At length in the Dark it decided was late,
After many a Skirmish and tedious Debate
Of *LORDS* and of *COMMONS*, a fig for the Latter,
So like them I conclude, and know nought of the Matter.
Derry down, down, heigh derry down.

FINIS.

Mr. POPE's

ANSWER

TO THE

Following QUESTION

OF

Mrs. *HOWE.*

WHAT is *Prudery?* 'Tis a Beldam,
Seen with Wit and Beauty seldom.
'Tis a Fear that starts at Shadows,
'Tis, (no 'tis n't) like Miss *Meadows.*
'Tis a Virgin hard of Feature,
Old and void of all Good Nature;
Lean and fretful, wou'd seem wise;
Yet plays the Fool before she Dies.

'Tis an ugly envious Shrew,
That rails at dear *La Pell* and *You.*

EPITAPH,

AT

Stanton-Harcourt in *Oxfordſhire.*

NEAR this Place lie the Bodies of JOHN HEWETT and MARY DREW, an induſtrious young Man and virtuous Maiden, of this Pariſh, who being at Harveſt-Work, (with ſeveral others,) were in one Inſtant killed by Lightening, the Laſt Day of *July*, 1718.

THink not by rig'rous Judgment ſeiz'd,
A Pair ſo faithful cou'd expire;
Victims ſo pure, Heav'n ſaw well pleas'd,
And ſnatch'd them in Cœleſtial Fire:

Live well, and fear no ſudden Fate;
When God calls Virtue to the Grave,
Alike 'tis Juſtice, ſoon or late,
Mercy alike, to kill or ſave.

Virtue unmov'd, can hear the Call,
And face the Flaſh, that melts the Ball.

TO

TO
Lady MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

I.

IN Beauty, or Wit,
No Mortal as yet
To question your Empire has dar'd;
But Men of discerning
Have thought that in Learning,
To yield to a Lady was hard.

II.

Impertinent Schools,
With musty dull Rules,
Have Reading to Females deny'd,
So *Papists* refuse
The BIBLE to use,
Lest *Flocks* shou'd be wiser than their *Guide*.

III.

III.

'Twas a WOMAN at first,
(Indeed she was Curst)
In *Knowledge* that tasted *Delight*,
And Sages agree,
The Laws shou'd decree,
To the first Possessor the Right.

IV.

Then bravely fair Dame,
Resume the Old Claim,
Which to your whole Sex does belong,
And let MEN receive,
From a *Second* bright EVE,
The Knowledge of *Right*, and of *Wrong*.

V.

But if the *First* EVE
Hard Doom did receive,
When only *One Apple* had She,
What a Punishment New,
Shall be found out for You,
Who Tasting, have robb'd the *whole Tree*.

VERSES

Occasioned by

Mr. *TICKELL's*

Translation *of the First* Iliad *of* HOMER.

IF *Dennis* writes and rails in furious Pet,
I'll answer *Dennis* when I am in Debt;
If meagre *Gildon* draws his meaner Quill,
I wish the Man a Dinner, and sit still:
But shou'd there *One*, whose better Stars conspire
To form a Bard, and raise a Genius higher:
Bless'd with each Talent, and each Art to please,
And born to Live, Converse, and Write with Ease;
Shou'd such a *One*, resolv'd to reign alone,
Bear, like the *Turk*, no Brother near the Throne,
View him with Jealous, yet with Scornful Eyes,
Hate him for Arts, that caus'd Himself to rise;

Damn

Dam'd with faint Praise, affect with cold Applause,
And, without Sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend,
A tim'rous Foe, and a suspicious Friend:
Fearing ev'n Fools; by Flatterers besieg'd,
And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hit the Fault, and hesitate Dislike:
Who, when * *Two Wits* on rival *Themes* contest,
Approves of *Both*, but likes the *Worst* the *Best*.
Like CATO, give *his little Senate Laws*,
And sit attentive to his *own Applause*:
While *Wits* and *Templers* ev'ry Sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish Face of Praise:
Who would not laugh, if such a Man there be?
Who would not weep, if ADDISON were He?

---

* Pope *and* Tickell.

ANSWER

To the Foregoing

VERSES.

Presented to the

Countess of WARWICK.

HEN soft Expressions Covert-Malice hide,
And pitying Satire cloaks o'er-weening Pride;
When Ironies revers'd right Virtue show,
And point which Way true Merit we may know:
When Self-Conceit just hints indignant Rage,
Shewing its wary Caution to engage;
In mazy Wonder we astonish'd stand,
Perceive the Stroke, but miss th' emittent Hand.
Thus, if Old HOMER's Credit may avail,
(And when was HOMER's Credit known to fail?)

When

The *Greeks* saw *Sparta*'s injur'd MONARCH bleed,
But saw not who perform'd the perjur'd Deed.
So the skill'd Sneaker pens his angry Lines,
Grins lowly fawning, bites, as he whines;
Traducing with false Friendship's formal Face,
And Scandalizing with the Mouth of Praise:
Shews his Intention, but his Weakness too,
And what he would, yet what he dare not do;
While launching forth into a Depth of Praise,
Whose kind Attempts the Mind attentive raise,
When suddenly the *Pyrate-Colours* show,
Beneath the Friend's Disguise, the hurling Foe.

O POPE! forbear, henceforth, to vex the Muse,
Whilst forc'd, a Task so hateful, she pursues;
No more let empty Words to Rhimes be brought,
And fluent Sounds attone for want of Thought:
Still ADDISON shall live, and pregnant Fame
Teem with eternal Triumphs of his Name;
Still shall his Country hold him more endear'd,
Lov'd by this Age, and by the next Rever'd
Or, if from good Advice you turn your Ear,
Nor friendly Words, imparted timely, hear;
Exert your utmost Energy of Spite,
And as each envious Hint arises, write:
So shall his deathless Glory never cease,
And you, by *lessning*, will his Fame *increase*.

VERSES

VERSES occasion'd by a young Lady's Fall, as She was running down Richmond-Hill in Company, 1725.

Miss MOLLY's Tumble.

LET other Charmers boast of Air,
Of Eyes, of Teeth, of Neck, of Hair,
Let This, be proud of pretty Waist,
And That, display a heaving Breast,
Miss *MOLLY* scorns the vulgar Ways
Of winning Hearts, and gaining Praise.
She runs away ---but, in the Flight,
Artfully falls, and shews a Sight,
A BUM! from whence, as from a Tow'r,
She shoots her Charms, and proves her Pow'r.
So *Parthian* Archers, as they fly,
Are surest of the Victory.

Encore *Miss* MOLLY.

Miss *MOLLY* owns it was our Lot
To see her Under Petticoat;
Which, blushing, she protests is all
That we discover'd by her Fall.
O! *MOLLY*, if, behind the Screen,
Such glorious Rays of Light are seen,
Those, with thy other Beauties charm'd,
Must find their very Souls blasted.

Encore

Encore *Miſs* MOLLY.

I.

As *MOLLY*, the Fair,
Was taking the Air.
With STREPHON, and others too by,
She, running a Race,
Fell flat on her Face,
Her Bum bolt upright to the Sky.

II.

The Girls, who came after,
Broke out in a Laughter,
To ſee ſo uncommon a Sight,
But *MOLLY* cry'd out,
And ſaid, without doubt,
They only Laugh't at her thro' Spite.

III.

Becauſe her hid Parts
Cou'd conquer more Hearts
Than cou'd all their viſible Charms.
At which STREPHON reply'd,
That he lov'd her Backſide,
Then gave her a Hug in his Arms.

IV.

And ſwore by Great JOVE,
Dear *MOLLY* he'd Love,
The more for the Sight he had ſeen.
Then, Laſſes, ne'er fear,
If your Gallants are near,
To *turn up your Tails on the Green.*

FINIS.